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Selected Articles.

From the Yorkville Miscellany.

Homestead Law—Exempting Certain Property from Levy and Sale. Passed December, 1851.

Mr. Editor: In presenting to you, and through your Press, to the citizens of South Carolina, some remarks on the above act, I hope it will not be regarded as censuring our Legislature, or the purpose of making political strife or division, of which we have already had too much, but that the above act, which is now become a law should be brought to the notice of the people, that they may consider its propriety and the result of its bearing, and if by them sustained, be it so; if not, let it be modified or repealed as the best interests of our country seem to demand.

The act above referred to, exempts from Levy and Sale to each family, (over and above property heretofore exempt,) the dwelling house and houses, with fifty acres of land, one horse and twenty-five dollars worth of provisions, except in incorporate cities: and provided the land does not exceed the value of $500; in which case, Commissioners are to lay off so much land less than fifty acres, as it shall not exceed that value; and if I understand the meaning of the act, those Commissioners may lay off a part of the fifty acres, so as to reduce the value of the *land* within the $500, but the homestead and houses must be left, though they should be worth five thousand.

The object of this law must be either for a general benefit or a general nuisance, from necessity. If a general benefit, who are those to be generally benefitted?—If from necessity, where is that necessity? In the former, we ought to inquire whether more would be benefitted by it than are injured, and in the latter, if necessity will justify all the sacrifices it may make.

It must be apparent to every thinking mind, that the necessity or propriety of all law is to protect people in their persons and property—in this case property is contemplated. Now, what class of people need the greatest or the kind of protection contemplated in this act? I think the honest, industrious class should be those who most need security, as the wealthy, the aristocracy, are above its operations, and the very poor need none for property, as they do not use the article, and only care for to-morrow.

Advocates of this measure seem to advocate it as an act of State policy to prevent emigration from the State. Others advocate it as a kind of State charity or public benevolence, for the support and raising of indigent families. Others advocate it no farther than to try it awhile, and if it does not work right, repeal it.—First then, let us consider its operation on the honest, industrious class. I think that the fulfillment, prompt and punctual observance of *bona fide* contracts, would be their interest, and a law to enforce them would be their greatest security, (unless the credit system was entirely abolished, which I presume none would advocate as being possible or practicable at present.) Let us see its operation. A, a mechanic, has been doing work for B, C, and others—has a family, but has not $500 worth of land, houses, nor horses—he has done faithful work for those men under fair promises, not only verbal, but under note and seal—he calls on them, but it is not convenient to pay at present, and each wonders why he is so very urgent about so small a sum—twenty or thirty dollars. Either could pay it, but the one needs his money to send a son or a daughter off to school—another wishes to aid his son a little who is just starting in business—another declares he is owing debts of longer outstanding, which ought to be paid in preference to his, but cannot pay either, as it will require all he can conveniently raise to keep his family at present respectable. A pleads necessity, and claims his contract—peaceably, if he can, forcibly, if he must. He is consoled by the words, push as soon as you please, you will get it as soon without pushing as with it. You know I have been out a great deal lately building; the carpenter, the mason, the sawyer, the painter, and the merchant are all dunning me, and Rev. Mr.—— has said nothing about some I am owing him, neither has the editors of my papers, (unless in general remarks.) These men I will pay the first money I can spare—as for the rest of you, get your money outside of the exemption and welcome. If you take the benefit of the law, I will take the benefit of its protection. It would be useless to continue the picture throughout, as the creditors after prosecuting claims by law found from the return of the Sheriff, that all the property that could be sold by him was sold, and barely covered expenses leaving their debtor in possession of a fine house and much better property than either of them possessed; and also learning that he was about to sell his reserve, individually, to which he could make a good title, pocket his cash, and move off. The only consolation of these creditors would be, that according to law, they must of necessity do as he had done, violate their contracts, and let the creditors charge it against or to the laws of the country, and not as a premeditated thing by them.

Such must be its bearing upon all the industrious class, whether merchant, farmer, mechanic, pastor, or teacher, in a greater or less degree. Can it then be either benefit or protection to that class?—No—we answer no. It compels him who in good faith promised, to violate that promise; circumscribes the limit of his credit; depresses that spirit of industry and energy which makes men worthy of the name of sons of South Carolina. We may further see that it will rather injure than help those for whom it was intended to benefit. The young man commencing business could extend his credit and also credit others to the full amount he was worth; but under this protection, the public consider him worth nothing outside of the exemption, whether he be honest or not, it will take all inside of the exemption to ensure him to be honest, let that be five or ten hundred dollars, and though he should be strictly honest, he must deal with others according to the same rule. He who has a family, but no house or land, must feel it sensibly. The landlord (on application to rent) would consider what has that family to pay with outside of exemption. If they cultivate my lands they may use or dispose of the product as they make it.—On what then can I distrain? The consequence is, he has to go farther and accept of any shelter he may be able to get. Indeed, history furnishes no record of good State or national policy interfering with, or making void, any part of faithful promises or *bona fide* contracts. On the contrary, we read of a contract of a whole birth-right sold for a mess of pottage, (and that in no mean family,) and notwithstanding the mess of pottage was not a fair consideration for it, yet it was a contract—was observed and fulfilled.

The next is to consider it as a kind of benevolence or charity to enable poor widows and indigent families to be raised and educated. Now, the end of the commandment is charity, &c. But let as enquire what is charity—to whom should it be extended, and who should give it. Charity is something given from the bountiful to the needy, from pure motives, without grudging, and we think no gift can be really charitable where the donor knows the donee is less needy than himself, or that the donee will not apply it to a proper use. In accordance with the old axiom, charity begins at home, and if it travel away it should be in accordance with the will of the donor. But farther, charity ought to be extended by law in rearing and supporting institutions, as well as for taking care of the insane and infirm, as also for educating the poor who are unable to make a living—of this kind of charity we are happy to boast our state is not altogether hindmost, and hope much more may yet be done by her in that respect. But this kind of charity is not maintained, or got from the people by any law authorizing an individual catch-and-keep system, but by proper order—requiring every man to pay according to his ability, (for which we refer you to the tax book) I am inclined to think that the homestead law of which we are speaking, has no just claim to either individual or public charity. For it would be a poor case of reasoning to over tax the sympathies of the provision seller, when the buyer did not have the cash in hand, but had other visible property, and on pay day tell him he might have known better—and the debt must be booked to charity. Such a law may be designed for the protection of widows and children, but we see that the shrewder the knave, the greater the gain can be made by it. Such protection may be found fault with, as was the case with an Irish seaman, who had once taken American protection for fear of British press gangs on sea, during the late war. After becoming a landsman, on one occasion he found himself relieved of his cash by a pick-pocket, when he instantly overtook, and demanded his money, which was refused, and told if he pressed him he would use his protection. Patrick, who was neither wanting in courage or girth, was about to feel the firmness of his flesh, when the other presented his protection, which was more like a Revolver, than a sheet of paper, such as Pat had expected. He instantly resolved to let him keep it under such protection, but still believed there was something wrong either in the person or protection; for had it not been for him the money would not have been taken, and had it not been for his protection he would have got it back.

The next is to consider it as an act of State policy to prevent emigration; on this, little need be said. In the first place, we must ask, is it possible to prevent the wild fowls from passing from place to place, or those of passage from taking their annual flight? If so, would the cost not exceed the profit? We ask, is South Carolina in such a poor and defenceless condition as to be under the necessity of either hiring or compelling those who wish to leave, to remain in her. I trust not!!! If she were, any of the operations of the law in question would not have that effect, it would be to roust the better class and locate the worse—moving the class who is the bone and muscle of our country, for others whose integrity might be questioned, neither would they be stable longer than their interests would demand a more favored spot, sacrificing the interests of their State as cheerfully as the comfort and happiness of those whom they have driven off, by living off their labor without remuneration. Such men Corolina don't need for protection, and would be ashamed to own as sons.

But some days let us try it, if it don't work well then we can repeal it. This must also be a poor argument to sustain it onward in its operation. Would we ask any sane man to permit anything like a young rattlesnake to be nourished and brought up as a pet in his family, because it was liked by some of his children, was pretty, and at present could do no harm; if he understands its nature will he try it a while, and wait to see its future operations? We think not. He would dispatch it, and learn his children to make pets of better natured things.

A few words about its consistency and we have done. This law takes effect outside of all incoporated cities but not in them. Why not make the man living outside of the line of incorporation liable to be sold out to the uttermost farthing, as well as the man whose house is inside. Is their houses not the same, their goods the same, their property as valuable to them? Have they not the same right for protection against fraud, or the same right to make gain by lawful fraud if we might use the expression—certainly—their interests are identical, and their liabilities and protection should be the same. But my own opinion is that the whole system is wrong founded, and that the best State policy would be to make contracts binding and valid to the full extent of the defendants ability—then confidence would be restored; business men could then operate both on the strength of their veracity and their property combined—which is nothing but their reasonable dues.

If the writer is wrong in these remarks he hopes some abler pen will show him where, and he pledges himself to acknowledge his error, for it is certainly not from the heart, but the head—as he has no selfish motives in view—entertains no animosity or personal pique against any man—neither claims the title of politician or candidate, but a fellow citizen of South Carolina, and farmer—he remains,

J. R.

The Press.—The Richmond Enquirer, speaking of the common notion that every body has a right to publish what he pleases, at the publisher's expense and not his own, says, very forcibly:

The press is only free to its editors, and to those whom its editors believe to have good ground for addressing the public, and something to say which the public has an interest in hearing. We would recommend those who labor under this mistake to consider the following fact—that newspapers are made for the large class who read, and not for the small class who want to write. The idea that when a man subscribes to a paper, he lays its proprietor under some indefinable obligation, or that he has a right to publish his communications therein, with the single proviso that they shall be inoffensive, is a popular fancy and most ridiculous mistake, which ought to be corrected. Not only has he no such right, but the editor who permits him to put uninteresting matter in his columns, infringes upon the rights of four or five thousand other people to gratify one individual. Very few editors act so absurdly.

Revenge.—When the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation. At such an instant, the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorns, and all the base satisfactions men had in each other's faits and misfortunes are dispelled and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them; and perhaps those very actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things) were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

Death of E. Drayton Earle.—We have heard with great regret that E. Drayton Earle died at his residence near Greenville C. H., on Thursday the 1st instant. For versatility of genius and high social qualities he had few equals. He commenced the practice of law at Greenville in early life, and if he had continued at the Bar, would have distinguished himself in that department, as few men commenced with more flattering prospects. He was a fluent and graceful speaker, an easy and elegant writer, and beguiled many a dull moment by contributing to the press. For some years back he has lived in almost entire seclusion, devoting himself mainly to literary and scientific pursuits. There are many that will shed tears of regret, now that he is no more.—*A. Gazette.*

Benevolence and Gratitude.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a raw, bleak night, the rain was falling fast, while the wind blew in violent gusts. A Portsmouth night coach stopped at the principal inn of the town to change horses. The cold and wearied travellers alighted for a few minutes to enjoy the comfort of a blazing fire, as well as to take refreshments.

"Will you give a poor fellow a night's shelter in your hay loft?" asked a weather-beaten sailor, addressing one of the hostlers who was fastening the harness.

"No, not to such as you," answered the man; "you had better make the best of your way off, or you'll get more than you look for if you prowl about here any longer."

"Perhaps, young man," replied the tar, "you may one day, be set adrift upon the world without a penny to keep your head above water; and as to honesty, I know better than to take what is not my own, if I have not a shoe to my foot."

"I wouldn't trust you further than I could see you," said the hostler; "and if you don't be off I'll make you."

Poor Jack was turning away, hungry and foot-sore, when he was tapped on the shoulder by a lad who acted as stable boy. "If you were to go down the road to the first little shop you come to, widow Smith would, I dare say, let you sleep in her wood-house; she is a good old creature, and is always ready to help any one in distress."

"Thank you, thank you," said the sailor.

These few words caused a revulsion of feeling in the breast of the forlorn stranger; they told him that there still were hearts in which kindness flowed.

John Willis, on coming ashore, had been robbed of his little all, a thing of no uncommon occurrence; and he was now compelled to beg his way to London. He deeply felt the rebuffs he frequently met with. The prevalence of impositions frequently renders it hard for those who are really in need to get help, for their truthfulness is often questioned.

Jack followed the direction given him; but he found the shop closed. He felt that it was an unseasonable hour; still, the favorable account he had received of the owner encouraged him to tap gently at the door. His summons was answered by the worthy dame, who, having listened compassionately to his tale of suffering, bade him enter and share her frugal meal. The tar entertained his benevolent hostess with a rental of some of the shipwrecks and narrow escapes he had himself had. And she piously directed his mind to the good Providence which had preserved him to the present hour, and the Saviour who had died to redeem him. The repast over, the widow placed some clean, dry straw in one corner of a shed attached to her dwelling, and, with a thankful heart, the wearied traveller stretched himself upon it, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down.

Before continuing his journey in the morning, Jack looked in to thank the good woman for the shelter she had given him; he found, however, a warm meal awaiting him. Having partaken of it, and accepted a few pence to help him on his way, he departed, with a heavy benediction from his hostess.

Ten years passed, and the little incident here recorded had long escaped the memory of all save one of the parties concerned. Ten years had wrought many changes in the town and most of its inhabitants; but they had glided gently over the head of widow Smith. The only alteration perceptible in her was, that her hair had become more silvery, and her form was slightly bent. She still continued her labors of love; and thought her means were very limited, she was looked upon as the friend and neighbor of all who were sick or in want.

One morning a large, official-looking letter was put into Mrs. Smith's hand by the postman. Its purport was to beg her attendance in the city of London, on the following day, when, the writer said, she would receive gratifying intelligence, which it was wished to communicate to herself personally. Much consultation and gossip ensued. One of her neighbors thought it a hoax, to play the old lady a trick; another said it was highly imprudent for a woman of her years to take such a journey, especially to trust herself alone in in such a wicked place as London; while a third was quite sure that the writer had some evil design. It did appear a formidable undertaking to one who had never strayed ten miles from her native place. The widow's credulity had often been imposed upon, yet she would believe anything but that any one would intentionally deceive or wrong her. She had great confidence, too, in the protecting providence of God, whom she served in humble dependence on his grace in Christ, and therefore felt no fear in complying with the request in the letter. Wherefore, notwithstanding the ridicule of some and the remonstrances of others, the good dame started by the first coach which passed through on the morrow, and reached London in time to meet the appointment.

The address given her was at an inn, and on arriving there she was immediately ushered into a private apartment, where two respectable young men were waiting to receive her. The widow's surprise was increased when one of them accosted her with the familiar phrase, "How do you do, mother?—Don't you remember me, my worthy?" added he in answer to her half frightened, inquiring glance. "I am Jack Willis, the sailor you housed and fed ten years ago, when he had neither money nor friends. I am now captain of a merchantman; and this gentleman," turning to his companion, "will, in my name, do the needful to settle an annuity of fifty dollars upon you as a proof of my gratitude for your kindness, and especially for your good advice which, I hope, by God's mercy, led me to think of Christ, and to trust in him for salvation."

The widow, unable to give utterance to the emotions of her swelling heart, burst into tears.

Widow Smith returned to her cottage-home, thankful to God for His blessing on her humble efforts to benefit a fellow creature in body and soul, and for His bountiful care for her, and delighted that she had now increased means of usefulness; and never after did she listen to a tale of suffering without thinking of poor Jack Willis.—*London Tract Magazine.*

The Bride's Departure

The St. Louis correspondent of the Cincinnati Atlas, relates the following incident, which occured in the boat in which he embarked from Louisville:

"After I had got on board, a few moments before we started, my attention was attracted toward a group of friends with whom I became very much interested. It was a family parting with a beloved daughter and sister, who was a bride, and was leaving the home and frends of her childhood, to cast her lot with the one she loved, and seek another home in the far, far West. She appeared to be an only daughter—at least there was no sister there—the parting of the mother and child was one of the most affecting scenes I ever witnessed. They sat for an hour side by side in silence—the heart was too full to speak—waiting for the boat to start, and appearing anxious to remain together as long as possible. At length the last signal was given, they then arose, and with a look of grief, that I will never forget as long as I breathe, they regarded each other for a moment and then enclosing themselves in each other's arms, stood for a while trembling in parting anguish, as if in fear least to sunder that embrace, would tear every heart-string loose. But at last, summoning strength, they bade each other the sad farewell, in a tone and manner beyond the power of words to describe, such as told all the depths of a mother's and a daughter's love, and such as subdued the whole company who saw it into sadness and tears. The father then came and gave his parting blessing, and bid his sad farewell, and then took the other, and they moved sadly away. When they had got to the cabin door, she turned to take that last, long, lingering look that the heart loves to and will take, when parting with some dearly loved object, though we feel that in doing so, the tide of grief and woe, anguish, will pour with tenfold force around the soul. Their eyes met, and if they should never meet on earth again, that lingering look will be remembered till both hearts are cold and still in death, till they meet again in heaven. The brothers, two of them, remained on board to take their parting at the foot of the Falls. The eldest brother almost a man, tried to part with manly dignity, but the last embrace was too much—he quivered for a while like an aspen leaf, and then bade farewell in tears. The youngest, a small boy, gave loose to his anguish, and sobbed as if his very heart would burst—and after kissing her again and again, left her as though he had left the sweetest and dearest frend on earth, as though he had met with his first and great loss—and I doubt not that amid all the storms of life, that parting hour will be remembered forever. After they had got on shore, they stood on a point and waved their last adieu till they were lost sight of in the distance. Then, no doubt, a full sense of her loss coming home with all its power to the young girl's heart, and feeling that she was alone in the world with the man she loved, (who stood by her with his arm around her,) she hid her face in his bosom, and gave way to all the agony of her grief. Then I thought what will woman not do when she loves with all her heart? And what a treasure that man could call his own, when he held that young girl in his arms, and knew that she suffered all that anguish for her love for him; and then I thought what a *base heart* his must be if he could abuse that love, and betray that trust and confidence. Yes, base he must be, if he does not love her more than his own soul, and if he would not sacrifice every selfish joy he has on earth to make her happy.

☞ The Mormon Bible is a curiosity of literature. The following description of the vessels in which the chosen people crossed the Atlantic, is a fair sample of its contents: "These barges were built after a manner that they were exceedingly tight, even that that they would hold water like a dish, and the bottom thereof was tight like unto a dish, and the ends thereof were peaked, and the top thereof was tight like unto a dish, and the length thereof was the length of a tree, and the door thereof, when it was shut, was tight like unto a dish. And the Lord said unto the brother of Jared, behold thou shall make a hole in the top thereof, and also in the bottom thereof, and when thou shalt suffer for air thou shalt unstop the hole thereof and receive air, and if it be so that the water come in upon thee, behold ye shall stop the hole thereof that ye may not perish in the flood."

A loquacious tailor having asked a Quaker in what fashion he would be measured. "In silence," was the solemn reply.

A Daughter's Marriage.

We find the following floating about without a claimant. It is one of the purest gems we have ever met with; full of truth and feeling:

The departure of a son from beneath the parental roof does not present any spectacle of desolation. Masculine life has, from infancy, an individuality, an independence, an exotism, so to say, which is essentially wanting to female existence. When a son abandons his parent, to create for himself a separate interest, this separation causes but little interruption in their mutual relations. A man marries, and still maintains his friendships, his habits, and his filial affections. Nothing is changed in his life; it is only an additional tie. His departure is consequently a mere simple separation; while the departure of a young girl, the wife of a few hours, is a real desertion—a desertion with all its duties and feelings still fresh about it. In one word, the son is a sapling which has always grown apart from the trunk; while the daughter has, on the contrary, formed an essential portion of it, and to detach her from her place is to mutilate the tree itself. You have surrounded her youth with unspeakable tenderness—the exhaustless tenderness of your paternal and maternal hearts; and she, in return, has appeared to pour fourth upon you both an equally inexhaustible gratitude; you loved beyond all the world, and she seemed t to you with a proportionate affection. But one day, one ill-fated day, a man arrives, invited and welcomed by yourselves; and this man of your own choice carries off to his domestic eyric your gentle dove, far from the soft nest which your love had made for her, and to which hers had clung.

On the morrow you look around you, you listen, you await, you seek for something which you cannot find. The cage is empty, the tuneful linnet has flown; silence has succeeded to its melodious warblings; it does not come as it did only on the previous morning, fluttering its perfumed wings about your pillow, awakening you by its soft caresses. Nothing remains but a painful calm, a painful silence, a painful void. The chamber of the absent darling offers only that disorder which it is so melancholy for a mother to contemplate; not the joyous and impatient disorder of occupation, but that of abandonment. Maidenly garments scattered here and there; girlish fancies no longer prized; chairs heaped with half worn dresses; drawers left partially open, and ransacked to their remotest corners; a bed in which no one has slept; a crowd of charming trifles, which the young girl loved, but which the youngwife despises and which are littered over the carpet like the feathers dropped by the linnet, when the hawk made the timid bird his prey. Such is the depressing sight which rings te the mother's heart.

Nor is this all—from this day she occupies only the second place in the affections of her departed idol; and even that merely until the happiness of maternity shall have taught her whom she weeps to assign to her one still lower. This man, this stranger, unknown a few months, it may be a few weeks previously, has assumed a right over affections which were once almost entirely her own; a few hours of fleeting, and it may be of assumed tenderness, have, in a great degree, sufficed to efface twenty years of watchfulness, of care, and of self abnegation; and they have not only rent away her right to be the first and best beloved, but they have also deprived her of the filial caresses, the attention, and the adored presence of the heart's idol, whom she has herself given to him for life. Nothing is left to the mother but the attachment of respect. All the warmer emotions are engrossed by the husband, to whom his young bride owes alike obedience and devotednese.

If she loves him, she leaves her home without regret, to follow his fortunes to the end of the world; if she does not love him, she will perform the duty with resignation. Nature and law alike impose the obligation on her, and her own heart must decide whether it will constitute her joy or her trial; but in either case the result to the mother is the same. Nor can that mother reproach her with this painful preference, for she has reaoed her in the conviction of the necessity of marriage; she has herself offered to her its example in her own person; Heaven itself has pointed it out as a duty whose omission is culpable; and, therefore, far from venturing to wish that the lost one should restore to her all the tenderness which time and habit may enable her to withdraw from her husband, the mother is bound, on the contrary, to pray that they may every day become more dear to each other, even at the expense of her own happiness. This misfortune is the mother's last blessing.

The Five Daughters.—A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to some useful and respectful occupation in life. These daughters married, one after another, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor; the second, a Mr, Little; the third, a Mr. Short; the fourth, a Mr Brown; and the fifth, a Mr Hogg. At the wedding of the latter, her sisters, with their husbands, were present. After the ceremonies of the wedding were over, the old gentleman said to the guests, "I have taken great pains to educate my five daughters, that they might act well their part in life, and from their advantages and improvements, I fondly hoped that they would do honor to their family; and now I find that all my pains, cares, and expectations have turned out nothing but a *Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg.*"

Sunday Reading.

Spiritual Knowledge.

There is not so much need of learning as of grace to apprehend those things which concern our everlasting peace; neither is it our brain that must be set to work, but our heart. However excellent the use of scholarship, in all the sacred employments of divinity, yet in the main act which imparts salvation, skill must give place to affection. Happy is the soul that is possessed of Christ, how poor soever in all inferior endowments.—Ye all wise and ye great wise, while ye spend yourselves in curious questions, and learned extravagances, ye shall find one touch of Christ more worth to your souls, than all your deep and laborious discussions. In vain shall ye seek for this in your books, if ye miss it in your bosoms. If you know all thing and cannot say, "I know whom I have believed," you have but knowledge enough to make yourselves completely miserable. The deep mysteries of Godlines, which to the great clerks of the world are as a book clasped and sealed up, lie open before him, (the pious and devout man,) fair and legible; and while those book men know whom they have heard of, he knows "whom he hath believed." The truth of christianity, says a pious author, "is the spirit of God, living and working it, and when the spirit is not the life of it, then the outward form is but like the carcase of a dead soul." Divinity has certainly been confused and perplexed by the learned. It requires to be disentangled and simplified. It appears to me to consist in this single point—the restoration of the Divine life, the image of God, lost and defaced by the fall, by the operation of the Holy Ghost. When this is restored, every other advantage of christianity follows in course. Pure morals are absolutely necessary to the reception of the Holy Ghost, and an unvoidable consequence of his continuance. The attainment of Grace is thus *nunc necessarium.* It includes in it all Gospel comfort, it teaches all virtue, and leads infallibly to light, life, and immortality.—*Bishop Hall.*

From the New England Farmer.

"Isaac's servant said unto him we have found water."

Living as we do in a land abounding with rivers, lakes, and running brooks, it is difficult to imagine a region less favored in this respect than our own; while we cannot read the old Testament without being reminded of the value of a "well of water" to those wandering tribes whose flocks and herds were their principal wealth.

The traveller, in these days visiting the holy Land, journeys from fountain to fountain the most beautiful and valuable land-marks that so sterile a country affords. From afar his wearied vision catches the waving of the palm the blossoming of the shrubs, and the fresh green of the grass, which speak in their poetical language of the clear, cool water baptizing their roots; and when alighting from his camel, he throws himself down in the shade and quaffs the liquid element, he realizes all the fervor of enjoyment which impelled Isaac's servant to exclaim "we have found water!"

The universality of the blessing with us does not render us wholy unmindful of its value and beauty. Far off amidst the trees we see the gleaming of a blue lake, as its quiet waters repose in the sunshine, and the eye grows brighter, and the smile sweeter with irrepressible delight. We pass into the woods where the winds make pleasant music and the birds love to gather and sing; and blending with their voices we hear the plaintive melody of running water. It glides along at our feet over the smooth pepples, and through flower-gemmed banks, till by and by it meets with an obstruction and dashes itself down with glad abandonment, making the greenwood ring with the sound of its rejoicings.

David compares the good man to a "tree planted by rivers of water," and to him it was probably the most beautiful and apt comparison his poetic mind could suggest. The tree whose roots are nourished by a never failing supply of water knows no abatement in growth and vigor, while that which struggles into life amid a parched soil, lives but a brief season, a half grown and unshapely object. And the good man's soul is strengthened and sustained by a fountain deep within, fed by the hand of God. While in the soil of sin his neighbor's spiritual growth is dwarfted and unshapely, he is reaching up to the heavenly light, and attaining to the perfection of its powers.

In addressing the woman of Samaria, Jesus compares his religion to a well of living water, springing up into everlasting life, and this precious fountain he hath left unsealed. We speak of the fever of life, and the expression is scarcely figurative.

The pursuit of wealth, fame and pleasure, creates a fever in the heart an unquiet longing that earth cannot satisfy. There seems be no repose, no contentment but an endless grasping that closes upon nothingness; and this results from the unworthiness of the objects pursued.—He who makes spiritual perfection his aim is sometimes disheartened but never abandoned to despair. The well of living water is to him a reality, and though his burden be heavy and the road rough, the voice of faith assures him, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me besides the still waters;" and he believes and is comforted.